

**GOLD
KEY**

SNOOPER and BLABBER

NOW ONLY 12c

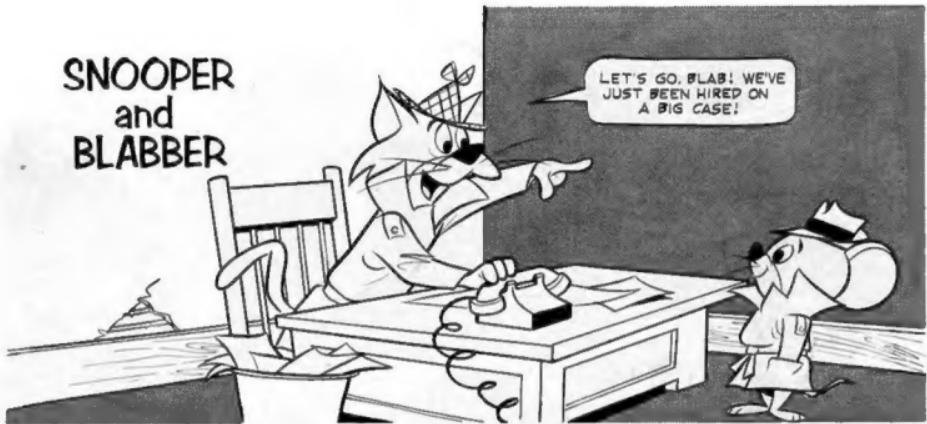
SNOOPER and BLABBER

DETECTIVES

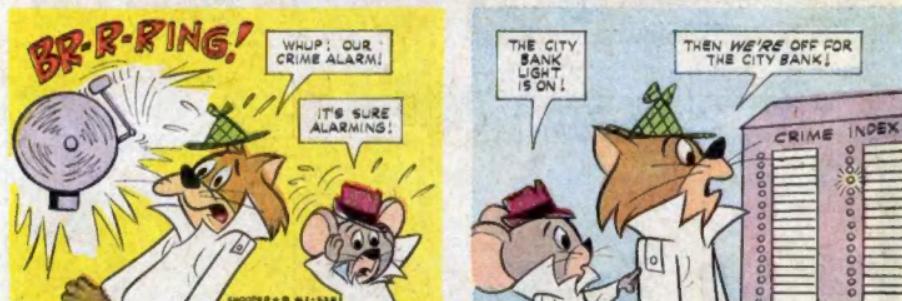


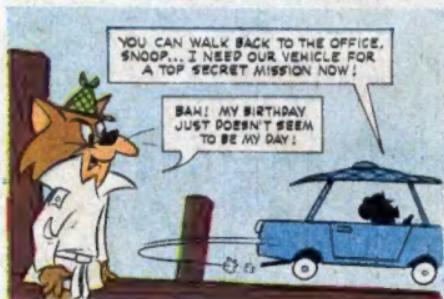
by HANNA-BARBERA

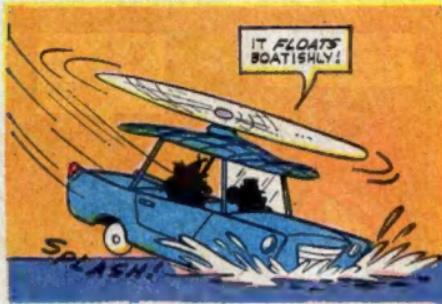
SNOOPER and BLABBER



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BIRTHDAY BOOMERANG









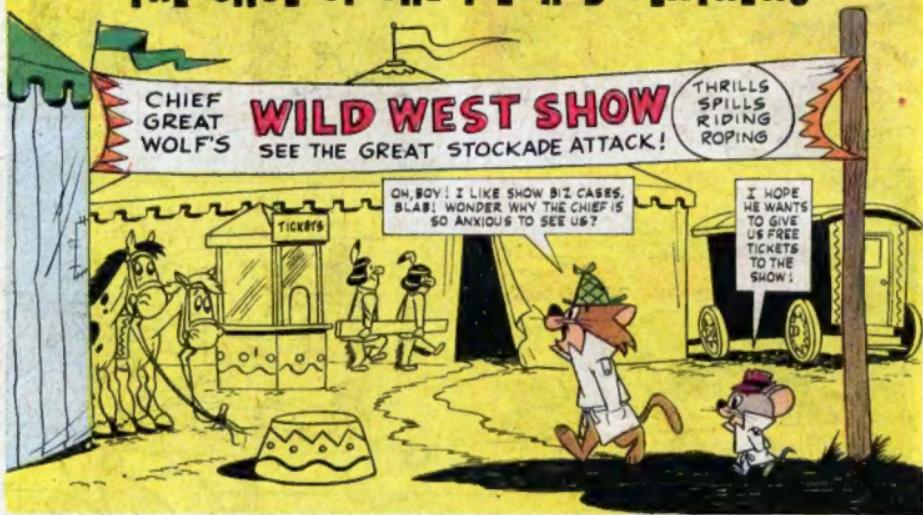






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Snooper and Blabber THE CASE OF THE FILCHED FEATHERS







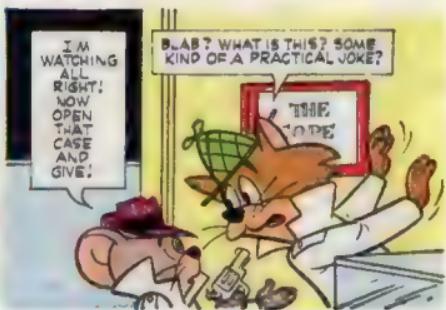






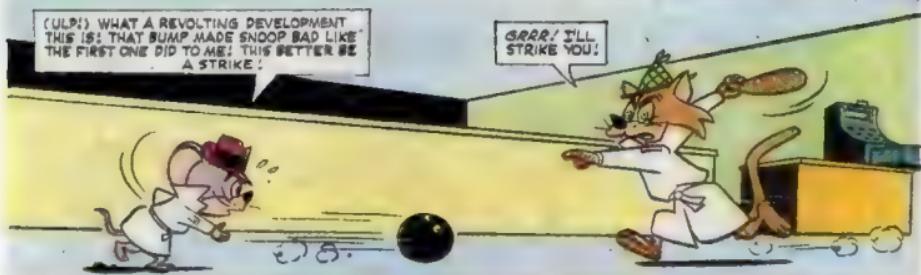
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Snooper and Blabber

DON'T KNOCK IT









THE LION'S SHARE



Snagglepuss stopped in front of the big circus tent and read the sign.

"Clown Wanted. Inquire Within," he sighed. "Egad! To think that I, the great thespian, would fall so low." He raised the tent flap and went in.

The circus manager looked up and scowled as Snagglepuss approached him.

"Are you applying for a job as clown in a lion's costume?" he shouted.

"Sir, this 'costume,' as you call it..." retorted Snagglepuss indignantly.

However, the manager did not give him a chance to continue or explain.

"Your lion skin doesn't even fit you," he interrupted. "It's full of wrinkles."

"That, dear sir," answered Snagglepuss, "is due to the fact that I have the appetite of a lion and, unfortunately, no funds with which to satisfy it."

"In plain words, you're hungry and you need a job," the circus man stated. "Well, what experience have you had?"

"I've done everything in the theater," Snagglepuss told him. Then, striking a heroic pose, he added, "Of course, I'm accustomed to playing the hero."

"You won't have much chance to be a hero around here," the man laughed. "Okay, I'll try you, but I still say, I've never seen a clown in a lion skin before."

Just then, a shout rang through the circus grounds. "Beware! A lion is loose!"

"Run for your life," the circus manager shouted to Snagglepuss, as he rushed past him and out of the big tent.

A moment later, the tent flap moved slowly, and a large lion came slinking through on silent feet. He and Snagglepuss

eyed each other suspiciously for a moment.

Snagglepuss spoke first. He said, "Hi."

"Greetings, brother," replied the run-away lion.

"Why did you escape?" asked Snagglepuss. "Don't you like it here?"

"Sure, I like it," replied the lion. "But things were getting a little dull, so I decided to stir up some excitement."

"That gives me a great idea," cried Snagglepuss. "As long as you don't really want to escape, how about letting me 'capture' you? That would clinch a job for me."

"Glad to help a pal," agreed the lion.

As Snagglepuss led his now friend out of the tent toward his cage, the circus manager saw them and approached cautiously.

"Have no fear," called Snagglepuss. "I have this ferocious beast under control."

When the lion was securely locked behind the bars of his cage, the manager rushed up to Snagglepuss to congratulate him.

"I was wrong when I said you'd never be a hero around here," apologized the manager. "How can I reward you?"

"Easily, dear sir," answered Snagglepuss eagerly. "Make me the star of the show."

The man hesitated. "I'm still not sure that you should wear that lion costume."

Snagglepuss quickly changed the subject. "Also, you should give this ferocious lion a double ration of steak every day."

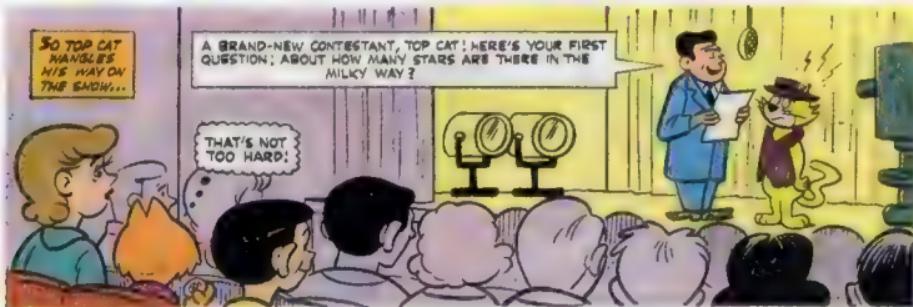
"I'll do that right away," agreed the manager, rushing off.

Snagglepuss and the lion looked at each other and roared, and no one recognized the roar as lion laughter.

"We both got the lion's share of that deal," chuckled Snagglepuss.









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THE GAG-NAPPER

SNOOP AND BLAB HAVE A FAMOUS CELEBRITY IN THEIR OFFICE... JOKEY JENNSON, TV COMEDIAN...

LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT, MR. JENNSON... SOMEBODY IS STEALING YOUR JOKES AND YOUR ROUTINES BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO USE THEM?

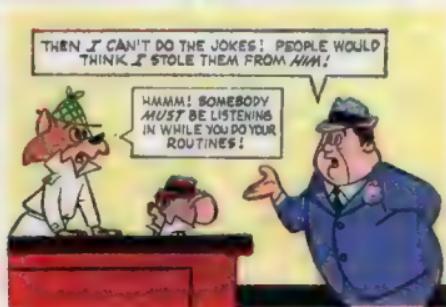
THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF IT KEEPS UP, I'LL BE RUINED!



EVERY NIGHT I REHEARSE MY JOKES IN THE PRIVACY OF MY OFFICE, BUT BEFORE I CAN DO THEM ON THE AIR, SOME TWO-BIT COMEDIAN DOWNTOWN IS DOING THEM IN A NIGHT CLUB!

THEN I CAN'T DO THE JOKES; PEOPLE WOULD THINK I STOLE THEM FROM HIM!

WAHMM! SOMEBODY MUST BE LISTENING IN WHILE YOU DO YOUR ROUTINES!



REHEARSE YOUR JOKES HERE! ONLY BLAB AND I ARE AROUND TO HEAR!

THAT'S RIGHT; WE EVEN HAD THE TERMITES REMOVED LAST WEEK!

OKAY! I'VE GOT SOME NEW JOKES! MADE THEM UP THIS MORNING! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE TOLD THEM...









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Snooper and Blabber

MAGIC MENACE

SNOOP: LOOK!

YOU...YOU'RE
MARLOO, THE
MUSICIAN,
AREN'T YOU?

YES! YES! I CAME
BECAUSE I NEED A
WELL-TRAINED
INVESTIGATOR TO
WORK AS MY
ASSISTANT IN MY
ACT TONIGHT!



MY ASSISTANTS KEEP QUITTING,
BUT THERE IS NO REAL DANGER,
I ASSURE YOU... THERE IS NO
CURSE OF THE PHARAOHS: IT IS
JUST SOMEBODY TRYING TO SPOIL
MY ACT!

DON'T LOOK AT ME,
M'SEUR: I'VE SEEN
HOW YOU MAGICIANS
TREAT YOUR
ASSISTANTS: LIKE
JABBER SWORDS
AND SAWING AND
SHOOTING AT THEM!

IT'S ALL
PERFECTLY
SAFE!



YOU'RE A CINCH,
SNOOP. I'LL BE
WATCHING FOR ANY
FALSE MOVES
BACKSTAGE.

NO ONE
ELSE
WILL
TAKE
THE JOB.
YOU
MUST
HELP
ME.

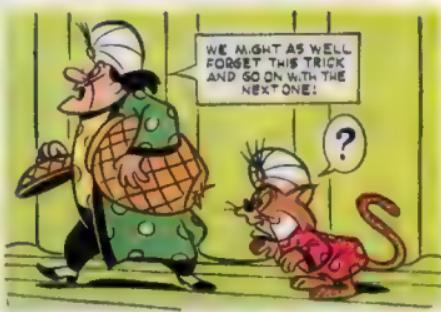
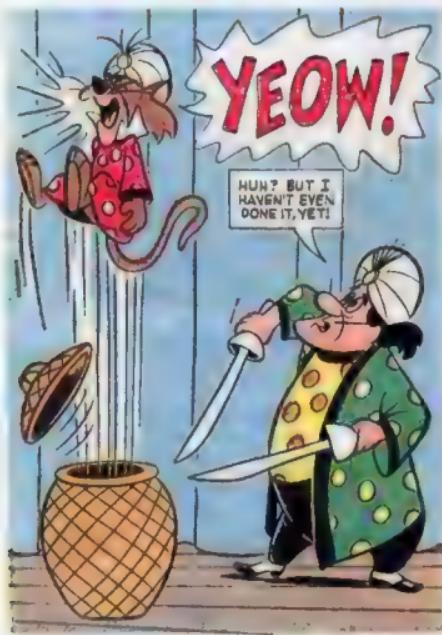


NO! I'VE GOT MY CAREER TO THINK OF: YOU
MIGHT MAKE ME DISAPPEAR, AND THE RETURN
TRICK WOULDN'T WORK: I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE!













SNOOPER and BLABBER



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PIN-UP NO. 1

